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The Commonweal

August 3, 1951

Crisis in Iran

Historical Shadow and Nationalist Substance

M. A. FITZSIMONS

That Catholic Elite

The Salt and the Savor

FRANK GETLEIN

The Children's Own UN

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

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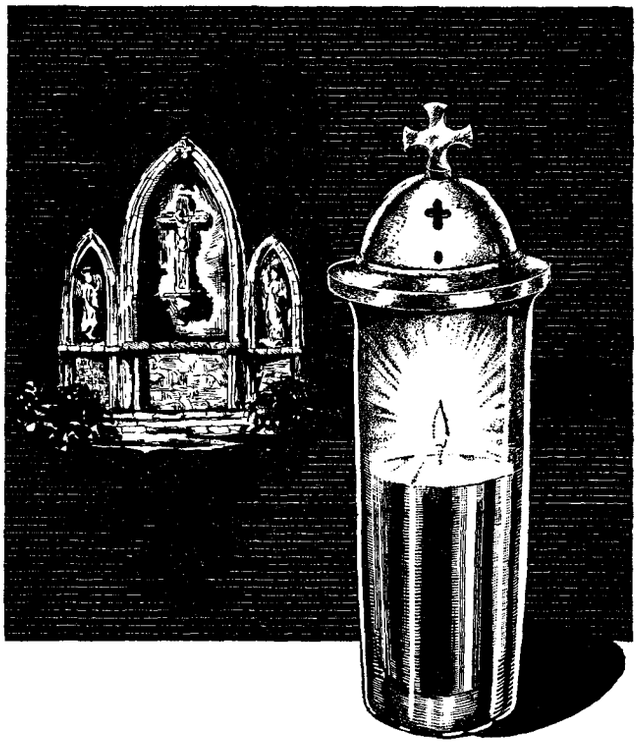

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

String of Bases

THE few Americans who still really believe that we can leave the rest of the world to its own troubles are in for a shock. Congress is about to appropriate nearly six billions for overseas air bases. The United States is gradually building up an effective striking force which will be ready to take to the air almost immediately from a score of strategic key points.

The extension of our far-flung chain of air bases may supply Soviet propaganda dispensers with new ammunition by the carload. It will be presented behind the Curtain, and without, as outright imperialism, conclusive proof of what the Kremlin has been saying of American intentions right along. It will undoubtedly bring about another Soviet attempt to have the UN look into the question of American bases on various foreign soils.

The whole thing has developed step by step. The last war made plain that outlying bases in Hawaii and the Caribbean were insufficient for the protection of this continent. Russian aggression after the war demonstrated that our defenses had to be extended even further; our defense line moved outward to the terrain of our allies in the West and the Far East. Unable to come anywhere near matching the Russian ground forces, we have had to rely for the time being on squadrons of medium bombers poised to knock out Russia's war industries should the Kremlin make a fatal move.

As long as the European army is largely a paper army—and for some time after the 70 divisions materialize, no doubt—it will be necessary to extend and strengthen our chain of strategic air bases. That means bomber stations in England and North Ireland, France and Spain, Morocco, Tripoli and possibly the island of Cyprus at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Just before he died Admiral Sherman wrote a report underlining the importance of the Near East in our defense system. He called for air bases in Israel and the Arab countries to keep shipping lanes open and retain for the Allies—and withhold from Soviet Russia—the vital oil resources of the region.

Our military planners have not overlooked the "top of the world," either. Bases in Alaska, Northern Canada, Newfoundland, Greenland and Iceland all comprise important links. Finally we have to maintain air bases in Japan, Okinawa and a number of widely scattered smaller islands in the Pacific. We cannot afford to be weak or unprepared in any strategic area of the world so long as the USSR continues to manifest its ability to extend its conquests.

Perhaps we can look round with some satisfaction and breathe a little easier once this chain is completed. But it will obviously serve only for a time. Only adverting for a moment to the basic conviction that we shall never succeed in stopping the expansion of Communism until we have a dynamism of our own with which to meet it, we recognize that a powerful chain of American military bases such as this can provide no permanent solution—especially in a world determined to throw off all colonial tutelage.

THE main burden, these days, of policing the world—of stemming further Soviet aggression—perforce rests with the United States. But no one nation should long be charged with such a burden. Peace, the concern of all nations and all peoples, should be the task of all. That is why the prospect of a world chain of American air bases is acceptable only as a temporary, preliminary step. These airfields should eventually be handed over to a genuinely international police force, so powerful and so strategically placed that it could descend on any future aggressor in force in a matter of a few hours. Only then would such a ring of bases serve as a lasting bulwark of security and peace.

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Instead of Crop Supports

THE papers are being very quiet about it, but evidently the Administration is off on a new tack for helping the American farmer—who now accounts for but one-sixth of our population. The Brannan Plan of government production payments as farm prices fell to their "natural" level has at least temporarily been laid aside; it had encountered terrific political opposition. A new program aimed at making the present system of crop supports unnecessary a good part of the time is in the making.

Secretary Brannan is asking all sorts of individuals and civic groups for suggestions of feasible methods of government aid to the family farmer (the farmer who has at most one hired man), but the Department's general theory appears well in hand. The idea is to increase farm productivity, lower commodity prices and thereby increase consumer demand by concentrating aid on the small farms, where output per acre is half the average for our larger farmsteads. In this way the family farmer would at long last be assured of a steady adequate income.

This aid would be two-fold, technical and financial. The first of these would necessarily mean an increase in the number of the Department's local technicians—it is interesting to note that the Senate has exempted research and operating staffs in the Agriculture Department's small field offices from the 10 percent cut mandatory in appropriation bills for the coming fiscal year. These technicians would attempt to indicate to the individual farmer the crops for which his land is best suited, how to produce better strains of livestock, better varieties of field crops, how his man-hours can be most efficiently employed and what mechanical devices and other new techniques would enable him to get the most out of his acreage.

The financial side of the operation will be focused on loans made to individual farmers to enable them to carry out mechanization and other recommended improvements. Again, as with the original Brannan Plan, the cost figures are missing but $75,000,000 is the largest estimate thus far made. It would seem that the Department envisages a comparatively modest outlay for the program.

At last, it would seem, the Government is approaching the farm income problem from the proper angle. Emphasis is on productivity rather than subsidized crop control. All support is now to be thrown to the time-honored family farm instead of establishing systems of benefit payments which all too often have lined the pockets of large and wealthy growers more than anything else. It is an attempt to substitute an economics of abundance for an economics of scarcity on the American farm, to enable the farmer to earn a good living without food prices that are sky-high. How practicable it all is remains to be seen. It appears to be an effort deserving of every encouragement.

• NEXT WEEK •

RICHARD WEAVER writes of Norman Cousins' extended interview with Nehru and of certain striking aspects of the Indian leader's approach to politics.

For one thing Nehru says: "I would say that democracy is not only political, not only economic, but something of the mind, as everything is ultimately something of the mind. . . . It involves a certain contemplative tendency, and a certain inquisitive search for truth—and for, let us say, the right thing. . . . Ultimately it is a mental approach applied to our political and economic problems."

Uprising

THE assassination of King Abdullah of Jordan, the third assassination in recent months in the Near East, can be taken by all the world as another sign of the violence and force of a revolution so sweeping in area and implication that one need not be a gifted historian of civilization to realize that he is witnessing an uprising of such proportions as to affect for good or for bad the future life of most of the people on earth. In China, Indo-China, Indonesia, Burma, India, Pakistan, Iran and throughout much of the Near East, the same revolution has either broken out in war already or may break out at any moment.

Broadly speaking, this is a revolution of the underprivileged and servile millions who wish to win for themselves a place in the sun similar to that enjoyed by Western man, and it so happens that most of these millions of people have colored skin. About two-thirds of the people on earth have colored skin of some kind, a fact which, one would think, is sufficiently important to merit the white man's close attention to the state of his relations with his colored fellow men.

So far as this country is concerned, the state of our public relations in this regard is now at

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one of its lowest ebbs. In recent months, we have put two outstanding examples of our respect for our colored neighbor on record: the first was the shameful haggling in Congress over the shipment of grain to starving people in India, and the second was the cowardly riot of a few days ago in Cicero.

It is altogether a sad thing that our national conscience is such that we cannot say with any assurance that another Cicero will not happen again in this country. But maybe there is still a little hope that something like common sense will assert itself, something that will know a great big material fact of vast and staggering importance when it sees one. The fact that the white man is very much outnumbered in the world, that he is in the minority, is a fact to be reckoned with, even when the proposition that "all men are created equal" is only a dead thing written on a piece of parchment paper.

Aid and Comfort

SENATOR TAFT is of the opinion that the Korean war was a "useless" undertaking. "As for punishing aggression," he says, "nothing has been accomplished." Historians might be well advised to note Mr. Taft's words carefully, because if the Senator's version of the war is factual, they will sooner or later have to change their way of writing and take up the international parlance known, in the words of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, as upside-down language.

A lot of reporters and history writers have been saying that the North Korean Communists attacked the Republic of South Korea; that this was an act of aggression; and that the announced aim of the aggression—repeated time and time again by the Communist radio in North Korea and in China—was to drive the defending troops into the sea. All this, Taft implies, has been a smashing success. It was Mr. Austin, not Jacob Malik, who was compelled to make a speech over the UN radio asking for a cease-fire; General Ridgway was then told by the Communists to take to the boats, and he did it. "Nothing has been accomplished," Taft laments. Aggression has triumphed again.

The Senator says he is also unhappy because the UN has not been able to unite all of Korea. Well we were not aware that anyone was expected to be happy at the prospect of a divided Korea. It never has been the aim of the UN to settle for a divided Korea as a permanent thing; but neither has it been the aim of the UN to unite the country by force. It has been our aim to halt the aggression first, and then to endeavor to unite the country through free elections and other political means. It is still our intention to pursue that aim and it is just a bit presumptive of Mr. Taft to write off that effort as a colossal failure before it has been fully tried—which will undoubtedly take a matter of years. After all, practically the same situation applies today in Germany: but surely it is not in Senator Taft's mind that General Eisenhower ought to issue orders some morning telling his troops to drive the Russians out of East Germany.

It apparently means nothing to Senator Taft that President Truman's firm response to aggression in Korea aroused the free world to a sense of peril and bought time for the rearming of Europe and Japan, so that any large-scale Soviet aggression eventually can be met as resolutely as aggression was met in Korea. To Mr. Taft, all this preparedness is doubtless doomed to failure. It was not his idea.

One of Senator Taft's fellow Republicans, Senator Irving Ives of New York, who is himself an outspoken critic of the Administration at times, said the other day that many Americans "appear to be more interested in disparaging and discrediting" President Truman than they are in defeating Communism and seeking solutions for the nation's other critical problems. "The fact remains," said Ives, "that partisanship and animosity toward Mr. Truman can never justify the divided nation which they are producing or the aid and comfort to the Kremlin which they are providing."

Wear A Hat

ONE of the last things American tourists might be expected to bring back with them is the idea of not wearing a hat. That is, however, the prevailing custom in Paris and other European style centers, according to Nathaniel Spector of the AFL Millinery Workers, who is just back. Mr. Spector saw less than a dozen women with hats at the Paris Opera. He fears that returning Americans will spread the idea and thus cripple the national hat industry. Sixteen years ago a big industry-union campaign persuaded men and women to triple their hat purchases. Perhaps another "wear-a-hat" campaign is due. The dust over our heads is plentiful enough in many American cities.

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Tragedians

WITH stories of a devastating flood in the news, my thoughts keep turning to Mrs. Litke, a lady I knew a long time ago. I was her paper boy and she was my favorite customer. Mrs. Litke was a stout, almost toothless woman, middle-aged then, I suppose, though in my school-boy view she seemed very old indeed. When I think of her now my mind keeps coming back to the queens in a deck of playing cards, so I suppose that she impressed me that way at the time.

I remember that she lived in a dark dreary flat in a run-down tenement building. Her address was written "Fourth floor, rear." None of the other customers lived that high up. At first I resented the long haul up the creaky old steps to her door. At first. After I got to know Mrs. Litke the stop at that door became the high point of the day. She would be waiting for me and would invariably invite me to have a glass of milk and a roll or piece of cake at her kitchen table. We played a kind of game. Every afternoon the invitation came, sure as sunset. But every day she would proffer it as if it were a sudden spontaneous impulse, and I would accept with a certain shy diffidence.

While I ate, Mrs. Litke would talk. And, Lord, how she could talk! Looking back now, I suppose I never meant much more than two willing ears to her, but at the time I felt very flattered that a grown-up should talk to me as an equal. The sweets were very good too.

The paper I delivered was the Chicago *Daily News*. It was called a family paper, I suppose because it wasn't as sensational in its treatment of the news as its rival, the *Evening American*. But Mrs. Litke found more drama in the staid columns of the *News* than the whole Chicago stable of restless Hearstlings was able to manufacture, for all their love nests and purloined diaries. One reason people bought the *News* was that it carried more death notices than the other papers.

Now you wouldn't think there would be much excitement in an obituary column. But from the bare bones of a notice Mrs. Litke was able to create high drama.

She would read, for instance, that Rose Smith of 23 Arc Street, nee Brown, daughter of Joseph and Alice Brown, brother of William Brown, M.D. and Ruth Jones, husband of John Smith and mother of James, Eloise, Arthur and Lee, passed away suddenly at her home. That would be all Mrs. Litke had to go on. She didn't know for sure whether the late Mrs. Smith was young, middle-aged or old. But she reasoned her way.

Since the surviving daughter was still a Smith, not married, the deceased was probably a young woman. "Those four poor little children losing their mother that way!" Mrs. Litke would exclaim. "And I suppose it was due to one of those household accidents. You know they say that more people die in bathtub accidents than by diphtheria or TB. Well, she should have been more careful, of course, but I suppose she was busy, with four little ones to take care of, and anxious to get on to the next thing.

"Now what do you suppose will happen to those four children? Maybe Mrs. Jones, her sister, can take them. But she's probably got children of her own. Well, one thing is sure, John Smith can't afford to get regular help. Not on what he makes. If they're living in that neighborhood he must be just getting by. I don't suppose her mother thinks much of him, bringing her down to that neighborhood. With a doctor in the family the Browns must be pretty well off.

"You know, boy, there are a lot of women in this world who think no man is good enough for their daughters unless they're rolling in money. I bet this Mrs. Brown is one of them. But still it would be better if she took the poor motherless little things. They'd have a nice home and with a doctor in the family they'd be sure to get plenty of attention. If only Rose had been a little more careful this thing wouldn't have happened. But that's the way it goes—you never know. I suppose he'll be getting married again, but where is he going to get a woman to take care of four kids not her own? I tell you, it's hard on a young man, losing his wife."

I'd listen while I ate and nod agreement now and then. But after awhile I caught on to the fact that Mrs. Litke loved nothing better than tragedy and I could please her by recounting grim happenings myself. She was fascinated with stories of famine, epidemics and natural disasters. As with the death notices, she would reconstruct moving dramas from the most impersonal news items. She pored over pictures of the victims of natural disorders and was able to extend her sympathy to persons who were merely names and statistics in the newspaper accounts. After her imagination had finished with these skeletal details, shadowy figures were invested with grieving families, frustrated careers, broken marriages and tragic mistakes that would haunt them all their days.

"The husband was in Cincinnati on a business trip, it says. I bet he wanted her and the children to go with him. Now she'll never be able to forgive herself for not going. The baby wouldn't have even been in the house if she went with him. They'd all been in some safe hotel in Cincinnati when the fire broke out."

In gratitude to Mrs. Litke, I began to collect sad stories for her. Any tragic fact of history we came upon in school I passed on. Every time I heard my elders tell of some unhappy case I'd listen eagerly and then repeat it to Mrs. Litke the next time I came to her flat. It got so I wanted a new story every day.

My family was puzzled about the new morbid interest since I never told them why I was so insistent on getting the details of sicknesses, accidents, domestic tragedies, deaths. Mrs. Litke was delighted with me. She used to tell me that I was a bright, uncommonly intelligent boy with a good solid head on my shoulders. That only encouraged me to collect more stories and I did, shamelessly.

Every time something like the news of the present great flood breaks in the papers I think of the days when I would have been very anxious for details.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Crisis in Iran

Behind the slogans: blackmail, nationalist passion, political irresponsibility and the burden of history.

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

THE Iranian crisis is like a nightmarish charade labelled "Nationalist Anti-Imperialism." The actors largely portray conventional roles, but the tableau has many eccentric features—nationalist unreason, blackmail and an impulse to self-destruction. All the participants bear gleaming white banners inscribed with such disinterested slogans as "law," "rights," "sovereignty" and "obligations."

The Iranian cast has both unique and general characteristics. Among the latter is, of course, a fever-pitch nationalism opposing all foreign control and influence. That the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has been the creator of modern Persia in the southwest, that it has been a benevolent employer in dealing with the mass of its workers and that Iran is utterly lacking in the skills of the oil industry, now mean nothing. The foreign company is now not only a humiliation to the Iranian nation but it has become the explanation for all Iran's domestic shortcomings.

Persian nationalism expresses a genuine passion for independence and for neutrality in the Cold War, and it indicates the presence of a power vacuum that invites blackmail. In 1946 and '47 it was American support that made it possible for the Iranian government to deny oil concessions to the Soviet Union. Thereafter, the Communists devoted their propaganda to reviling and threatening the Iranian government and to attacking British and American influence. This Soviet tactic helped the National Front of Dr. Mossadegh to attain power, and presented the possibility to the Iranians that somehow the United States and the Soviet Union could both be used to eject Britain from Iran.

But now things are very different from what they were in 1947. The United States is tied militarily to Britain and is naturally concerned about its ally's economic strength. In the earlier situation the Prime Minister, Ghavam-es-Sultanah, was a superlative bargainer. Prime Minister Mossadegh, on the other hand, represents passion, and, probably, something more dangerous. Dr. Mossadegh may in the deepest recesses of his mind be capable of facing realities, but most indications, apart from the political skill he revealed in reaching his present position, point the other way. He obviously hoped that American opposition to Communist expansion would induce the United States to step in and ask Britain to retire from the scene. But nationalist passion and the frenzied urgings of associates and rivals have driven him to a position which hardly admits of negotiation or compromise.

Writers on Persia have paid generous compliments to the Persians' aesthetic sense and to the charm of Persian manners. But they have also generally agreed on two other qualities. One of them is a sometimes amiable and sometimes profitable unconcern about truth and specific events and statements. Another is a fundamental sense of detachment from the world of appearances, a detachment which in the spending of passion may verge on nihilism and self-destruction. Expressions of such a feeling have been made by Iranian officials in recent months, and in the face of them policy of any kind may be without effect. The realistic blackmailer would, after all, finally come to terms.

★

THE nationalist passion, of course, is a reality in the situation, although its own unrealism suggests that it will crush its wings against the world it defies. The reality of Iranian poverty and backwardness is grim enough, and Iranian leaders have been distressingly unconcerned or ineffective in assisting the Iranian people. Iran's elective legislative organ, the Majlis, is dominated by landlords, who also control local government and, by contrast, they make the eighteenth-century English landlord look very benevolent. These landlords share to the full the anti- or pre-social attitudes of Persian individualism, and have been adept at blocking reforms.

This point suggests another observation on the timing of the nationalization campaign. It coincided exactly with serious efforts of the young Shah to press for land reform (the Shah himself giving an example), to render the bureaucracy honest and efficient and to sponsor the rapid development of Persian economy (the Seven Years' Plan). The nationalization campaign has effec-

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tively halted all those attempts for the moment.

Nationalism has temporarily overridden all the Iranian grievances: English control of the oil-fields, poverty, serious inflation (stemming partly from wartime occupation), and most important of all, legitimate dissatisfaction with the inadequacies of Iranian leaders.

In viewing the rest of the world the nationalist-minded Iranians fear Russia, but they regard Britain as the immediate enemy. Their feelings toward the United States are mixed. During and after the war, the US stood for economic assistance, but this has not been delivered. The Iranian Army has received American assistance but the Seven Years' Plan, largely projected by American planners and on a lavish scale, required large loans for its operation and these were not forthcoming. Applications for loans were treated as business matters and thwarted, when they should have been considered as political matters. *Time* has echoed the naive view that the Iranians trust and welcome us. The latter is true, but on our record so far they welcome us largely as possible buffers against the British.

★

THE British actors in this crisis are to some extent the victims of their history and traditional policy. Mindful of older days, they have been inclined to think that if one Persian government caused trouble, they could see to it that there would soon be another. If the Iranian politicians proved impossible, there was always the Shah. That, I think, explains the slowness of the British in opening negotiations with the Persian government.

The instinctive British reaction to the nationalization campaign in March was to delay, hoping for a new government or for a sense of responsibility to appear among Persian politicians. This position was grounded on past experience and on the recognition that the nationalization law violated government agreements, that the Iranian government needed the Oil Company's payments and that Iran was completely unprepared for the management of the technical and business end of the oil industry. The British were ready to accept the nationalization of oil (in the ground) but correctly regarded the nationalization of the refineries as outright confiscation, for any Persian promises of compensation were certain to be worthless.

British tactics were influenced by a number of other considerations: 1) their lack of military strength; 2) the necessity of making an example of Iran lest the latter's action encourage similar action in other countries; 3) world opinion, which explained the appeal to the International Court of Justice; 4) the dependence of other countries on Iranian oil (a fact which dampened Nehru's initial approval of Iranian nationalization); 5) the recognition that the loss of Iranian oil would be a heavy blow to British economy, and would almost certainly revive the British dollar shortage; 6) the unwillingness of a Labor government to appear to be the defender of imperialism. This last point largely explains the speeches of some Left Wingers who in their embarrassment try to make the United States responsible for the whole crisis.

These tactics called for steady nerves, the kind of operation the British are very good at. The Oil Company was to stand on its rights and to be as "sticky"—to use a good British expression—as possible in the face of Iranian threats.

The upshot of all this is that if the Iranian government will not be reasonable, the loss will not be Iran's alone; it will also fall heavily on Britain and the whole free world. Thus, Ambassador Grady's alarm and irritation at British "stickiness" are entirely understandable, if Britain contemplates eventual expulsion anyway.

The interim decision of the International Court has stiffened British policy and British public opinion. It is now argued by Anthony Eden that the British have a duty to stay in Iran to enforce the decision of the judicial authority of the United Nations. A number of Conservative members of the Commons are dissatisfied with the restraint in the public speeches of Churchill and Eden. There is a strong current of Conservative opinion (doubtless still influenced by the view that Iran's action is the usual Middle Eastern bluff) which is willing to send forces into Iran even at the risk of eventual partition of the country with Russia or of a world war. Some Labor Party members are asking what's the use of having a military alliance which does not protect vital British interests. At any rate, it is clear that if the Labor government gives up in Iran, it will assuredly lose the next election, which appears to be likely in the autumn.

★

AVERELL HARRIMAN may very well prove to be the *deus ex machina* in Iran, but even his success depends on the British hope that Iranian nationalism may become reasonable. Meanwhile, the crisis is a frightening reminder of the weaknesses and not too infrequent irresponsibility of the free world, for even though the Communists have supported the nationalization campaign, the movement is entirely formidable in its own right. Even more obvious is the sporadic character of American foreign policy and the serious lack of coordination between British and American policies. If the Atlantic Community, with its world interests, is to be more than a phrase, common interests must be protected by common policies.

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That Catholic Elite

Are the college alumni forever to be treated as great big boys who never grow up?

By FRANK GETLEIN

EUROPEAN culture is undoubtedly and, one hopes, indelibly, a Catholic culture. Even such vagrant strains of that culture as have wisped across the continent from the cafés of Budapest and Paris are demonstrably Catholic in origin. Not so America. Catholic historians have spent much time proving that some of the people at the Constitutional Convention were Catholics, and even more time showing the scholastic roots of the people Jefferson was reading just before he wrote the Declaration. Admirable as their diligence is, it can be compared only to the similar diligence of Catholic literary "critics" who devote their lives to proving that Shakespeare was baptized a Catholic and returned to the Church just before his death.

No diligence can change the brute facts of American cultural history. Our national origins in the 17th century are Protestant, those in the 18th century largely deistic. The fact that Columbus was Catholic can figure prominently only in the supra-rational meditations of Paul Claudel.

The average Catholic college or university administrator is sadly aware of American cultural history, aware, too, that 17th century American Protestantism and 18th century American deism drifted into humanitarianism and secularism in the 19th and 20th centuries; but he has a hope, a hope that is also, he believes, a memory. From his own student days onward, he has looked back, in common with such various figures as Hans Castorp, Miniver Cheevey and Charles Baudelaire, to a Golden Age. His particular Golden Age, of course, is the "thirteenth, greatest of centuries." Like Miniver, he misses "the medieval grace of iron clothing."

His hope, however, is that the thirteenth century may yet, somehow, be grappled for and hauled once more to the surface of time. When he uses the word "élite" to describe his charges, his graduates, this is sometimes what he has in mind. This is how he conceives of their cultural role.

But unlike the wrong turn on the Brighton road, historical mistakes bring into being new facts, new realities, sometimes a whole new society, which cannot be ignored once the mistake is known. The history maker can only go on from his present position, however unpleasant that may be, compared to an earlier, less complicated one. He cannot turn back.

Another possible meaning of "élite," one which is sometimes implied as a kind of overtone of the first, and one with considerably more validity, envisions the Catholic alumni as going forth into the secular world and converting it, in an organic sense, to Christianity. This involves the Christianizing of present institutions, rather than their abandonment in favor of "guilds," a "new peasantry" and the re-establishment of the Lords Spiritual as Lords Temporal. At the same time the alumni will be bringing up a new generation of American Catholics, better formed and better informed as to the Faith, than any of its ancestors.

As to how accurately either of these élite-concepts are being applied to Catholic college alumni as individuals, it is not our purpose here to inquire. But one might reasonably expect that if our alumni are an élite, some evidence of the fact will appear in the activities of the Alumni Associations.

★

A THIRD meaning of "élite" is applied to the alumni of Catholic colleges. Almost every time the word is used, this is a large part of the meaning; yet almost never is it admitted.

It is ironic that one meaning of this élite contemplates a "new peasantry" and medieval handicraft as elements of the new Golden Age which the élite shall re-establish; for it is precisely from peasantship and from hand-labor that this third kind of élite is in flight. The American Catholic tradition doesn't begin with the Spaniards, even though, in our parochial way, we like to boast about 16th century colonies in Florida and California. That's all very well for idle conversation with our friends from New England, but let a descendant of those 16th-century colonists attempt to join, fully and completely to join, an urban, Irish-American parish in a well-off residential district, and he'd find out pretty quickly how seriously we take our Spanish predecessors on this continent. No, in this country Catholic tradition begins, emotionally, psychologically and

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even materially, with the great immigrant waves of the mid-19th century and later. The American Catholic tradition, in one sense, really begins with the popular reaction against the potato famine in Ireland and against the introduction of universal military service in central Europe.

These peasants and manual laborers and their descendants constitute the vast bulk of American Catholics, and in their American history they have been pretty steadily on the make, on the rise in the possession and control of this world's goods. Here we discern clearly the slightly disguised third meaning of the Catholic élite. This meaning hovers around the word in the mouth of almost any of our educational administrators. It even colors the word in some of its recent, specifically apostolic usages.

Now no one can be such a kill-joy as to resent or to disparage the worldly rise of Catholics in this country. But it is simple truth to point out that such a rise, such progress, is not specifically Christian. If such a rise is at the heart of the "Catholic-élite" idea, then the phrase means only a financial, or commercial, or social élite whose members happen to be of our Faith. It has absolutely nothing to do with the mission of the Church. One can even understand how some, immersed in historical or scriptural studies, can regard the phrase and tremble for the future of the Church whose members get along so well with Mammon.

★

IS THIS third meaning at all applicable to the Alumni Associations, which are the formal embodiment of the Catholic élite? Beyond question, yes.

The first thing that strikes one in the study of any particular alumni association, or regional club, or local chapter, is the tiny percentage of potential members who are active. The stay-aways are easily condemned as unsocial and uncooperative, but it is quite obvious that, for one reason or another, the associations as presently constituted do not appeal to them, do not attract them. This is underscored several times by the tone of official letters to the membership. There is, throughout this correspondence, a note of begging, of wheedling, for attendance. A regional club stages a Communion breakfast, for instance, on the occasion of a football week end which will bring the Big Blue into the area. Members are urged to attend the breakfast, which will be addressed by the head coach himself, and a final paragraph suggests that, if they are coming to the breakfast, it would be nice if they'd come to Mass and Communion, too.

There is such a thing as the "professional alumnus" of a school, and his spirit, unfortunately, frequently dominates alumni groups. This man, however old he be, never really graduated from his college. His heart is there all his life. Consoling as this may be to sentimental administrators, of whom there are a few, it takes but a moment's thought to realize that this is wrong. The Golden Days are properly so regarded by the young man in school, and by him only with reservations. The adult who honestly believes the best years of his life are those of college needs a psychiatrist, a demanding and adult occupation or an unusually mature wife. The last thing in the world he needs is a beer-drinking, song-singing, tear-shedding Alumni Association. Such a group can kill forever his chances of growing up.

The addresses to which alumni groups are subject are interesting, too, as casting light on the nature of the beast. There is, of course, the speech by the line coach, or the end coach, or the backfield coach, or, if the local group is unusually well-fixed, the head coach, estimating the chances of the school's football team in the coming season. But the college administrator, the President or Rector, or one of his delegates, usually speaks, too. What he often says is that the alumni have had the best education in the world and that it will certainly be appreciated if they'll make a small donation so the old school can go on giving other young men an equally good education.

This whole procedure, the official approach of the college to its alumni, is hardly flattering, either to the graduates or to the school which produced them. The first assumption is that the only contribution the graduate may reasonably be expected to make is a financial one; for anything more important, he is not qualified. The second is that the graduate is still a boy, still passionately interested in football and in very little else. The third, that education stops with the awarding of a diploma, is enough to horrify anyone who takes learning seriously.

The president and the coach say their say; the bleary-eyed Old Grad sheds his tear and imparts his own special tone to the whole. It is also of value to note who is running the show, the mechanics of the thing. The people who actually do the work to keep local alumni groups functioning at all are, at first sight, a mixed bunch. There are insurance agents, young lawyers, automobile salesmen, people who have gone into business for themselves. Most of them, however, have one thing in common, and this common note brings in the idea of self-improvement, perfection, betterment, which is essential to any élite: each of the officers has something to sell.

The vision of a group of alumni, furiously selling one another insurance, with a percentage of every premium going into the kitty or alumni athletic fund, is cheering, perhaps, to the hard-pressed administrator. But his own take would

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be upped if he could somehow cajole the vast majority of his graduates to join the salesmen in the alumni association.

It is essential for the college administrator to stop regarding his graduates as great big boys who happen to have more money now than they had when they lived on campus. They have also had experience of the world since they left the old school, and it is just possible that their advice might be worth something on some more important question than whether to offer the high school flash merely tuition or an allowance, too.

It is even more important for him to stop deceiving them that their education is complete now that they have diplomas with his signature. Education is a life-long process. All that one can hope for from college is a certain amount of familiarity with some, not all, of the basic ways of learning.

Since their education has only really begun since leaving school, and since, moreover, teaching is itself the best form of education for the teacher, it is not too fantastic to imagine that an alumni group might run a series of lectures by its own members on various aspects of 20th-century life that they've learned something about.

It is, after all, nothing but insulting for a college, year after year, to throw no one but its coaches at the alumni. The college is a kind of storehouse of learning. Its faculty has all kinds of interesting, possibly vital, knowledge contained in its heads. It should be possible, once or twice a year, for the college to shoot a few regular members of its staff around the alumni circuit, with a view to bringing the graduates up to date in some of the various fields of learning.

Were any or all of these things done, and even more the things suggested by such fundamental changes in attitude, the whole complexion of alumni associations would, over the years, change. We might begin to have, in our alumni, the intellectual élite quite proper to an essentially intellectual institution.

An Appeal

A GROUP of Catholics in Southern Rhodesia, in a locality where they now are able to have Mass but once a month when a Jesuit visits them, are trying to build their own church. They plan an edifice big enough for a congregation of 300, white and Negro. Local farmers are giving bricks and timber and contributing their own labor. The goal for their building fund is 1,200 pounds.

Contributions may be sent to:

Richard Napier-Martin
Crocodile Pool
Bindura, Southern Rhodesia
Africa.

FROM AUSTRIA

The Children's Own UN

VIENNA

IT BEGAN when a Russian officer was billeted at the terrified old lady's house in the Soviet sector of Vienna. The first thing he did was to draw up a sort of modus vivendi. In his primitive broken German, waving his finger at her, he said: "If lady good, me good. If lady no good, me *very much* no good!" After that the old lady's daughter, who was no longer young, was raped in the cellar of the house. The Russian maintained that *he* was the one who had been raped and was recalled.

It must be recognized that rapes in Vienna are by no means as common now as they were. The lasting result in this special case was a sturdy little boy, weighing ten pounds when he was born and with beautiful blue eyes. The nurses at once recognized in him a little Russian. He had such a characteristic round head, they said. He was supposed to bear his mother's family name, Meyer, and without any polemic intention, he was baptized Adolf.

Finally he was placed in one of the beautiful well-run nurseries of Vienna. It was there I made his acquaintance. I found him sitting on the lap of a slightly older "khaki girl," who combed his straight yellow hair, mothering him and clearly enjoying herself as she did. The Viennese call the children of the American Negro 7|': "khaki girls" or "khaki boys." There is quite a number of them among the occupation kids.

Adolf, too, seemed to enjoy the maternal fussing, for he sat quite still as the little mulatto girl, whose romantically Teutonic name was Brunhilde, told me all about him in characteristic Viennese dialect. He is particularly fond of Apfelstrudel, she told me, and so is her best friend, liselotte. And she pointed with the comb to another little girl her age, but very fair. Liselotte stood at some distance from us, watching with dreamy eyes and half-open mouth.

Liselotte was a little Russian too, strangely sad, as many of the Russian children are, according to the nurses who are experts by now on national differences in this children's UN.

"Yes, that's how they are," the nurse went on. "I don't know whether it goes back to the way so many of these little Russians were called into life or is some hereditary characteristic. But their dreamy melancholy will suddenly be broken by a wild outburst of fury, apparently without reason, and then just as abruptly followed by the same deep melancholy again."

At this point we were interrupted by a lively little boy, very sure of himself, who pulled Liselotte away to play. She followed obediently. The boy was Franzl, a little

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American of five and the pet of the nurses because of his bright character and fearless ways. As a matter of course he took command of a whole group of playing children, shouting at the top of his voice and treating Liselotte roughly when she did not at once do what he wanted.

Most of the little Americans are of the same type, said one of the nurses. They are characteristically vital, physically and temperamentally. The nurses seem to attach great importance to these differences between the children, all of whom are developing under the same conditions, together with Austrian children. The little Englishmen, according to her, were most similar to the little Americans in ways and appearance.

★

IN AUSTRIA no distinctions are made between these occupation children and Autrian children who for one reason or the other have to live in nurseries. In Germany, on the contrary, the authorities keep the occupation children in special nurseries, where they are made to feel much more strongly than in Austria what it is that sets them apart from the others. The mixture of races has always been typical of Vienna and may be one of the secrets of the city's charm. In spite of the fact that the occupation children are quite a problem for the local authorities, their equality with the Austrian children goes unquestioned. At the moment there are in Vienna alone 896 with American fathers, 635 with Russian, 319 children of Englishmen and 147 of Frenchmen.

One of the nurses explained to me that there really might have been many more little half-Russians, but the rapes took place under such terrible circumstances that the authorities permitted a certain number of abortions, despite the law and strong opposition from the Church. Many women who had suffered no contacts with the Russians lied in order to "benefit" from this exception. Somehow this came to the knowledge of the Russian command, and it aroused bitter resentment. Apparently with the aim of preventing further abortions, which are now severely restricted in the USSR as a reaction against abuses immediately after the revolution, the Russians confiscated all the surgical instruments from Viennese hospitals which, according to them, could serve for abortions. But they were not wholly successful in this.

As fathers, the nurse told me, the Russians have less sense of responsibility than members of the other occupation forces. No marriages have taken place between Austrian mothers and Russian fathers and only rarely are these mothers able to give the full name of the father and his address in the Soviet. The Englishmen, on the contrary, have proved to be the fathers with the strongest sense of responsibility, even if they don't marry. The Americans are more keen to marry than the others—but at the same time get divorced more frequently after a short time.

Just as I was at the point of asking about the Frenchmen, a ball hit my neck. Who was it? Franzl? Or Liselotte? No, it was a little boy of their age dressed in red overalls. He tried to hide behind Liselotte but finally fled and was caught by one of the nurses in the middle of a group of one year olds who had been playing silently but started howling as soon as they heard how he could bawl. He was a dark haired little boy with lively, intelligent eyes—a French Moroccan. But his name was not Ali nor Mahmud, it was Fritz Pfeffer. And in his case it was not his father who did not want to marry his mother, but the other way round, his mother wouldn't marry his father.

As we were in the midst of the one year old group, the nurses showed me two of them, a boy and girl strangely like each other. They were both Americans of the energetic type and had already caused a lot of trouble to their parents.

One day during visiting hour the father and the mother of the little boy came to visit him at the same time the mother of the little girl was calling. Everything went along smoothly until the little girl's mother saw the little boy's American father in his beautiful uniform and shouted: "There he is!" A moment later she began beating him with her umbrella. This brought a very strong reaction from the mother of the little boy, so strong that the nurses had to intervene and separate the two ladies. In the meantime the father silently withdrew. After that the little boy and his half-sister received visits from their mothers at different hours, carefully scheduled.

The occupation forces benefit from extraterritorial rights and the Austrian authorities have no power over recalcitrant uniformed fathers.

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AS MOST of these occupation children are finally placed in an Austrian family, chosen with care, which adopts them or provisionally takes care of them, the colored children present quite a problem. Many Austrian women think they are even more lovable than the white children and should be delighted to adopt them. But that is not the case with their husbands, who nearly always strongly object to an adoption or even to a temporary stay of the "khaki children" in their homes. The colored children are spoiled by the women and sometimes quite harshly treated by the men, which makes their education difficult. But there is no discrimination whatsoever towards the little Russians, in spite of the characteristic shape of their heads and their Slavic melancholy.

In fact, the children's own UN is the only UN which really works, where everything is collaboration, confidence and mutual tolerance. What an example these children give their fathers!

Wouldn't it be an idea to send a delegation of them to Lake Success? A delegation composed of, let us say, Adolf, Brunhilde, Liselotte, Franzl and Fritz. It wouldn't be necessary for them to carry any written slogans. It would be quite sufficient if they just turned up and showed themselves.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

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THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Christian Unions; New Labor Paper

IN ITALY the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions recently closed its second world congress at Milan. Delegates from 60 countries, including men from the AFL and CIO, were there to speak for over 50,000,000 workers and express their determination not to be over-run by the growing menace of world Communism and Communist-dominated labor movements.

Camille M. Cianfarra, New York *Times* correspondent, wound up his final dispatch from the congress with the following paragraph: "The congress closed, leaving one problem unsolved—that of the Christian trade unions which, though anti-Communist, have refused so far to join the ICFTU. The Christian unions, which are estimated to represent 2,500,000 workers, have in some instances opposed the action of trade unions affiliated to the ICFTU and have thus aided Communist-controlled labor."

This is a harsh indictment and I think partly unjust. But there is a hard nut of truth at the core of it. In France the Communist CGT is still the dominant federation, speaking for about two and a half million workers. The CFTC (Catholic) represents about 1,200,000 and the Force Ouvrière (Socialist) about 850,000. Between them the Catholics and Socialists could form a federation that would be a real threat to Communist control of labor in the key industries of this key country.

The fault is not all on the side of the CFTC. But the continuing refusal of the CFTC to affiliate with the ICFTU has, it seems to me, no justification in logic or Christian principle. An important, growing minority inside the CFTC agrees. At the French Catholic unions' own congress last May they mustered 962 votes, as against 2,072, to reverse this policy and stand beside the other free unions of the world in the common fight.

This minority, which is dedicated to more dynamic, aggressive policies than those of the forces led by President Gaston Tessier, numbers among its leaders such spokesmen as Paul Vignaux, brilliant Sorbonne professor. It has won the support of the younger Catholic workers, the Jocists and the young men of the Resistance. It has just increased its representation on the CFTC executive committee from seven to 11 out of 36. In time it must surely win a majority. The only question is: will it be too late?

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A CORPORATION has already been set up to start a labor daily. A test run has been made and a sample issue published. A number of important international unions, AFL and CIO, have pledged their support, including the Auto Workers, Steelworkers, Machinists, Textile Workers, Oil Workers and the Newspaper Guild.

The corporation is called the Newspaper Unions Publishing Co. It arose out of the Pittsburgh lockout last fall, when all the newspapers in that town were closed down for almost two months by a mailers strike. The newspaper unions, AFL and CIO, got together and published a paper and wound up with $50,000 in the bank. That money is now being used to launch the larger project.

The first issue was called *The National Reporter.* Its sponsors figure they can make it go if they sell 30,000 subscriptions at $20 apiece. Most of these they expect to sell to local unions and union officials. But anyone can get in on it. Subscriptions may be sent to *The National Reporter,* 512 Commonwealth Annex Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

American labor has never had a national daily paper. There have been many local papers, most of them published under Socialist or radical left-wing auspices. Few have survived more than a short time. It takes a determined man, with strong backing, to keep a daily newspaper alive these days. But Sam Eubanks, retiring executive vice-president of the Newspaper Guild and principal promoter of the newspaper, is such a man. If only a quarter of the labor movement rallies behind *The National Reporter* it can't miss.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

TWO ON THE AISLE

THIS new Betty Comden-Adolph Green-Jules Styne revue has a lot to recommend it. It has Bert Lahr in what is very nearly his best form, it has a brand-new —and top-rank—star in Dolores Gray, and it has some very funny sketch material scattered over its two and a half hours' playing time.

Lahr, who has very often in the past had to beat his brains out trying to wring extra laughs out of pallid material, here works much more easily and much more confidently. Whether this is due to the settling influence of director Abe Burrows, or to the fact that a good bit of this material *is* funny, I don't know, but the relatively calm geniality of Mr. Lahr's performance does a lot to give "Two on the Aisle" its assured air. The old paraphernalia is there, of course: broad costumes, seltzer bottles, an occasional throaty 'ung-ung-ung.' But this time the comedian seems merely to be throwing these things in for good measure instead of leaning on them frantically, and the absence of strain makes everybody happier.

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The big news, however, is Dolores Gray. Miss Gray's earlier performances in this country were unspectacular—she was in "Seven Lively Arts" but all *I* can remember is Nan Wynn—and the right to the star billing here given her rests almost entirely on her London performance in "Annie Get Your Gun." Up to now. With this single appearance Miss Gray moves into the Mary Martin-Ethel Merman class, and if you find it fun to see a new star assert herself, "Two on the Aisle" is for you. 'Assert herself' is the right phrase, by the way. There is a kind of popular impression that stars are 'discovered'—picked out of the ensemble, as it were, by the discerning and drawn blushingly forward to the footlights. Miss Gray reminds us that stars announce their own presence, that they take over theatres on the strength of their personal authority, and that the audience plays a pretty passive role—happily passive, of course— in the process. Anyway, Miss Gray is loud, forthright, accomplished, and winning. You're going to like her.

The sketches in "Two on the Aisle" aren't perfect. They almost always have good ideas—the notion of Bert Lahr as Captain Video being one of the best—and they almost always capture the basic, logical humor inherent in the ideas. If Comden and Green stop somewhere short of perfection as sketch-writers it is in their failure to produce that zany and unpredictable absurdity which reduces the audience to a state of collapse almost by the force of its illogic. The Green-Comden material has plenty of laughs, but no unexpected ones. The authors are always sound and rarely choice. Of special interest in "Two on the Aisle" is an interpolated sketch—the work of Nat Hiken and William Friedberg—which achieves a remarkable narrative intensity and emotional warmth for a satirical fragment of this kind. It also gives Bert Lahr his most characteristic and engaging moments of the evening.

Where the show really stumbles—and 'stumbles' is a pretty generous word—is in its choreography. Collette Marchand, formerly of the Ballets de Paris and always in my heart, is present but by no means accounted for. Whoever has done her first-act ballet, "Guide Book," possesses an astonishing talent for misgauging a performer's essential character, and Ruthanna Boris' second-act whimsy, "Dog Show," is better without ever really giving Miss Marchand a workout. Also on the debit side are some flat lyrics by Comden and Green and some tinny music by Jules Styne.

This leaves "Two on the Aisle" getting along mainly on the strength of its sketches—a situation no sketch-writer should ever have to face—and on the ingratiating personalities of its two leading performers. For me this was enough, especially in this day when satire as a comic form has disappeared from the musical-comedy stage and is kept alive only in the revue. (*At the Hellinger*)

WALTER KERR.

FOR FRIENDS ABROAD

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The Screen

BREWSTER'S LITTLE HELPER

SOMETIMES you wonder in these days when TV is hanging over Hollywood's head like a threatening ogre and cinema palaces are once more dusting off the free dishes, why on earth the industry just doesn't get down to making some good, inexpensive movies. Hollywood *talks* about its economy drive and *frets* about dwindling box-offices but continues to spend its money with the same carefree extravagance as did Brewster, the hero of McCutcheon's novel, who had to get rid of a million to inherit several. No doubt Hollywood also hopes to get big returns on its expenditures—but the movie-going public would just settle for some entertaining films regardless of whether they're made on an A or B budget.

My particular gripe is not so much the size of the budget but the waste of money and talent in the world's movie capital. And right now the case of Ezio Pinza is a shining example. Somebody got the bright idea when Mr. Pinza had the ladies swooning in the aisles with his rendition of "Some Enchanted Evening" that his reflection and voice on screen and soundtrack would also make ladies swoon. So Pinza was grabbed from "South Pacific" by Hollywood. And the mountain labored and brought forth a little item called "Mr. Imperium," which the movie moguls decided should be held up until after Pinza's second picture was released. (I've seen "Mr. Imperium" and shall review it when and if it is released; but for the present I can say it has that old dodo of a plot about a king and commoner who fall desperately in love, have a big binge and then renounce each other so he can go back to Graustark for a plebiscite.) And so that leads us up to Pinza's second picture which is on our screens now.

It is a remake of *"Strictly Dishonorable,"* the Preston Sturges play which took place in a speakeasy and was considered very witty some twenty years ago. Well, it's not quite so witty now. It still has some funny lines but it struggles pretty hard over a contrived plot; and, although Melvin Frank and Norman Panama manage to take some of the action out of the speakeasy and try to liven up things with slapstick, the movie is still talky and static and very obviously a vehicle for Ezio Pinza. Having Janet Leigh as the girl in the case no doubt is meant to accentuate the not-so-young Pinza's appeal for women of all ages. Actually some of the scenes between Pinza and starry-eyed Janet are rather pathetic and when they get married on that fluke arrangement and he later tries to annul the marriage, you begin to wonder if the whole thing wasn't a mistake. The movie's biggest and best scene comes when we are shown a couple of sequences from an old Garbo picture. There was a real cinema personality! And if Pinza is to sell his particular brand of charm, his managers better think up

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something that will give him a real opportunity. He sings a couple of times in "Strictly Dishonorable," but nothing that makes you cry for more. That Pinza has a fine voice is almost a truism; and it is also true that women sat enraptured through "'South Pacific." So, come on, Hollywood, hit that line. Let's either use a talent well or send it back where it can be appreciated.

★

IT ISN'T only the famous, glamorous personalities that Hollywood wastes; too often they toss their lesser stars around and come out with competent, but much too routine, pictures. *"Fort Worth"* is so much like so many other westerns that you could come in on it in the middle and still know what went before and how it's going to end. Randolph Scott is typically heroic as the newspaper man who has given up guns to battle for justice with printer's ink. And Phyllis Thaxter is quite lovely as the girl who is going to marry Randolph's old friend (David Brian) who turns out to be Mr. Fort Worth himself and quite a villain beneath his handsome exterior.

★

MUCH OF the same can be said about *"New Mexico"* which has a different locale but is equally beautiful in Ansco Color. Its plot is the familiar one about the ruckus in the late 1860's between the U. S. Cavalry and the Indians. The Indians are not so much the villains of the piece as are the few evil white men who try to cheat the Red Skins and who give them cause to think that "the promises of white men are like dust in the wind." In this particular case it is Captain Lew Ayres who understands the situation and is trying to get a fair deal for both Indians and whites. Before all parties concerned realize the futility of war, there are some exciting battles interspersed with many less exciting personality episodes. It will always be a wonderment to me, since Hollywood usually has so many research departments at work, how a movie can pop up with a very obvious mistake every now and then. This one opens with a shot of President Abraham Lincoln presenting a peace token of friendship and confidence to Indian Chief Acoma in 1860. The fact that Lincoln wasn't president in 1860 doesn't seem to bother anyone.

★

MAYBE it's irrelevancies just like that that make a movie like *"The Prince Who Was a Thief"* so relaxing. Its locale is Tangiers in such a far-distant past that you just don't have to check up on anything. You just sit back and enjoy all the luscious silks and satins in Technicolor, and you let the handsome cast carry on the absurd plot to suit themselves. What makes this plot a little better than most extravaganzas is that it stems from a Theodore Dreiser short story, and it has just enough humor thrown in with the lush color, dancing girls and Douglas Fairbanks shenanigans to keep you amused and interested. Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are properly handsome and pretty.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Vatican Authority

THE following is taken from an editorial in *Zealandia, the Catholic Newspaper* (Box 845, Auckland, C.I., New Zealand). The editorial was concerned with *Osservatore Romano's* position on the MacArthur-Truman controversy.

> Of course, no Catholic will require to be informed that this is not an utterance of the Holy See, any more than the editorials of this journal are the utterances of the Hierarchy. Nor is it necessary to point out that even the Pope's personal views on a matter of purely secular international policy and strategy have no binding force over the Catholic conscience today, any more than they had in the time of Leo X or Julius II.
>
> "Vatican policy" in the days when the Pope was head of the State suffered changes of front just as did the policies of other Powers: for example, there was a sudden and notable change of outlook on the Italian question when the conservative Gregory XVI was succeeded by Pius IX. One can hardly approve of one of these without criticizing the other—and a number of perfectly loyal Catholics have criticized both, and found fault in general with a Vatican policy in relation to the problem of Italian union.
>
> Today, however, the judgment of the Vatican, as reflected in *L'Osservatore,* has a high and well-deserved prestige for its objectivity, clearness and justice; and its experts are exceedingly well-informed. The Pope's purely political sphere of rule has now been reduced to the absolute minimum needed to provide him with an independent sovereign status, and to accommodate the central directing organs and the organs of information and cultural activity of a world-wide spiritual power.
>
> He has, therefore, not a vestige of political "axe" of his own which he is concerned to grind, and no possible concern other than that of the peace of the world and the Church, and the upholding of the cause of Truth. For this reason, the Catholic who is wise will weigh very seriously the "Vatican view" on any current controversy, no matter how far it lies remote from matters of faith and morals: which does not mean that he will necessarily accept it if he has serious reasons for doing otherwise.
>
> The idea of a sort of Catholic equivalent to the "general line" of Moscow policy is entirely illusory. For example, on the issue of the Spanish war Catholics have remained deeply divided, and such eminent figures as Maritain are to be found who condemn Franco and his cause very strongly and definitely.
>
> Today, there are violent divergences among

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Catholics in Europe on such top political issues as the Atlantic Pact, rearmament, and the acceptance of American leadership in resistance to Communist aggression. In taking their own political line on these questions, the Irish leaders have not thought of regulating themselves by the attitude of *L'Osservatore Romano,* though, naturally, being Catholics, they have acted in the light of their Christian consciences in the determination of their national policies.

No—the idea that the Catholic world is watching for "the Vatican line" on top political issues, and is prepared to treat a hint from *L'Osservatore* as the Communists treat party directives through *Pravda* or *Izvestia* is part of the deeply-rooted illusion which prevails in certain quarters that the Papacy is running a sort of universal totalitarian Christian political "racket" over against the atheist-revolutionary one headed by the Kremlin.

The situation as presented in these terms has a certain "neatness" which is seductive to those who are looking for what the French call "une solution simpliste" of the fundamental antagonisms in the world of our time. Catholics frequently help to give it currency by the crude fashion in which they imagine the "Rome-Moscow" struggle as though the political "cold-war" of East and West and the Christian battle against the new organized atheism and self-idolatry of man were identical things—which is by no means the case.

But the whole notion of a theocratic political direction of this kind is completely foreign to Catholicism, which insists upon the right of the temporal power to independent action within its own sphere, though it insists, also, that the action must be guided by the general principles of the Divine Law.

As Vicar of Christ, the Holy Father scrutinizes the moral aspects of national and international policies, and presents his conclusions, warning against sins and errors of principle, discussing the duties of rulers and peoples, of human communities towards one another, in the light of justice and charity, and suggesting means suitable for the establishment of an ordered world.

He weighs up the good and evil of current political theories and "ideologies" and presents his conclusions for the guidance of mankind. In this indirect fashion, he certainly influences the trend of political thought and action among Catholics. But when it comes to estimating particular situations, and the courses of action required by them, the task for reaching conclusions and making decisions remains with the secular rulers.

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The Question of Culture

By SERGE HUGHES

THE jacket of his book mentioned that Walter Mehring would probably be among the few German writers to be read one hundred years from now. But the first few pages of *The Lost Library* (Bobbs Merrill. $3.50) gave no more promise than its pretentious subtitle, "The Autobiography of a Culture." It was a beginning in keeping with the worst "road to culture" tradition. The author illustrated his love of books by recalling that whenever he visited a country he brought along with him a book connected in some way with that place. He had been accompanied on his way to Denmark by Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales; on the way to England by *Robinson Crusoe;* on the way to Norway by *Peer Gynt.* I wondered how many readers would get past that point and how many would be tempted to close the book muttering, "And when I go to bed I will take along *The Lost Library. . . .*"

But after those few pages, in spite of an occasional pedantic description of a literary personality or a book, the writing began to pick up momentum. It was obvious that the author knew the nineteenth century and that, although he was more of a poet than a prose writer, the book was proving to be a serious work. It was no less than an act of faith in European culture by a man who had been persecuted and forced into exile, a man who apparently did not view the disaster from the shelter of a religious belief. Certainly such an attitude is rare and not in keeping with many contemporary German literary pronouncements. So interesting and rare were the ideas that I thought it would be extremely interesting to meet the man who formulated them.

★

WHEN I called on Walter Mehring, I met a frail little man with a wide forehead and deep-set eyes. He apologized for his broken English and offered me coffee. We sat down and began to talk. It was only after I left his apartment that I realized four hours had passed. I had come to interview him, but I found that quite impossible. How can one interview an excellent conversationalist?

Did Mr. Mehring remember a work by Paul Valéry, *La Crise de l'Esprit,* written sometime around 1922? Yes. Did he remember that famous passage in which Valéry speaks about the precariousness of every culture and goes on to say that the death of all cultures is inevitable, for every culture bears within itself the germs

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of its own dissolution? Thus, Kant begot Hegel, Hegel begot Marx, Marx begot. . . . Did Mr. Mehring agree with that point of view? No, not completely. Did he remember Croce's work on the nineteenth century, written as a direct attack on Fascism, which extolled the century and, quite differently from Valéry, urged that culture is ultimately a process of purification which casts off all that is transient in previous cultures, retaining only what has possibilities for growth? Yes, yes, he did.

"That I liked very much," said Mr. Mehring. "And that is what I want to say in this book of mine. That is what I hope will be understood. For culture is to me just that, a constant process of purification; one is engaged in a constant discriminating process. It seems to me that is the only meaning culture can have. A short time after I wrote this book someone phoned me and told me he hoped that I had mentioned all the suffering we had undergone and that I had helped to show America the plight of the refugee. No, no, no . . . that is what I do not want to do at all. I am not interested in that. I am only interested in showing that we have to save from the wreckage those things we can use for the future. We cannot spend our lives in elegiac despair."

Then Mr. Mehring did not believe that the nineteenth century was to be blamed for all our ills, or that we were to be blamed for betraying all its ideals? Very emphatically no.

In this book he speaks of his feelings about the lost library of his father, which included most of the important works of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. "When I think of their views and of our present I am sure that those men of the nineteenth century would have been shocked at what followed. They would have been even more shocked had they been told that they were responsible. Even Hegel, even Nietzsche, half-mad as he was, would have been amazed. And Marx! I remember that my father, like so many others, looked upon him simply as an innocuous obscurantist."

★

I UNDERSTOOD what Mr. Mehring meant, for there was something similar to that in Italy. To give a very obvious case, I recalled how many times Machiavelli was accused of being the founder not only of Fascism but of practically every sin invented in the last three hundred years, even though a sizeable portion of the Fascist hierarchy did not even know how to spell his name.

"Yes," continued Mr. Mehring, "you see, I do not like this cause and effect. It is like saying that Jesus Christ was responsible for all of the Inquisition. To speak of such a strange linking up of cause and effect is as stupid and misleading as to speak of my beliefs as bourgeois or anti-bourgeois."

"You mean you consider the concept of bourgeois stupid—the economic concept, that is?"

"Of course, of course. Who is the bourgeois? Where are the proletarians? They are meaningless phrases."

Would Mr. Mehring agree, however, to the existence of a class, not economic but characterized by a distinctive mentality, a class such as that described by Ortega in his *Revolt of the Masses*?

"Yes, of course, that type, yes. But that is much more complicated than the simplicist Marxist definition of bourgeois. That is to approach the ideas of Gustave LeBon and the politics of de Toqueville—something infinitely more complicated."

I asked him if he believed that this type of mentality, were it to attain a mastery of technology, could gradually dehumanize man, or could it make the possibility of strong personalities almost non-existent?

"No, I am afraid I do not share many of my contemporaries' fear of technology. I believe that to make great demands of oneself, to cultivate one's personality—that was always rare, in every historical epoch, and I do not believe that it is quite so easy to dehumanize as, say, that brilliant Englishman, Orwell, would have us believe."

"Then your book, Mr. Mehring, the story of your flight in Europe with your books, your stays in Vienna and in Prague, your friendship with so many tragic figures of our day, Rainer Maria Rilke, Franz Werfel, Franz Kafka, all that experience does not deprive you of hope. Is your book, then, an act of faith in Europe?"

"Yes, I think you could say that, an act of faith. That is why I wrote the book, I think. One cannot write books if one has no hope and no faith."

Can't one take a masochistic delight in composing works of solid desperation?

"No. If one writes such works they do not last."

★

THAT is what I had come for, to find a modern German who would be inclined to look at the future with hope. There are misgivings, there are fears in Mr. Mehring's book, but how different he is from such of his contemporaries as Thomas Mann, Ernst Junger, and Herman Hesse!

At one point after we had stopped talking about his book and were speaking of some French authors, I impulsively asked Mehring, "Tell me, you are very fond of Anatole France, aren't you?"

His face lit up and he said with quiet enthusiasm, "Anatole France . . . what an artist, what a truly poised Latin mind! You know when I speak to my Parisian friends they all tell me that Anatole France is antiquated, that he writes in a colorless French. Bah! They do not know. Yes, he is a great, a very great artist."

I left the house, thinking over the conversation. I knew that I would not be able to report exactly what Mr. Mehring had said, but I hoped to convey its spirit. I thought again of his work. It was not really a book about books. It wasn't a literary history at all. It was an examination of values. And this diminutive man, who had suffered so much more than many others, still did not feel that either he or his past was completely to blame. He did not feel that we were approaching an apocalypse, or, more appropriately, a *Götterdämmerung*. No. Very likely he thinks that one must cultivate one's garden.

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Books

A History of the Crusades. Volume I. Steven Runciman. Cambridge University Press. $5.

THE great medieval struggle between the West and the East ended in an apparent failure but in an enrichment of Western culture and a revitalizing of Western commerce with the East. It has never failed to attract the students of history. European and American scholars have done much valuable research on it during the last decades. A full general history, based on these detailed aspects, is certainly most welcome.

Steven Runciman is a scholar of Byzantine history and his weighty knowledge in this field has influenced the tenor of the present work. Its easy and vivid style should not hide the fact that it is based on most careful studies, not only of the Western sources, but also on Greek, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Syrian, and Hebrew material, and on a very thorough evaluation of the modern works in this field.

The first volume deals with the First Crusade and the foundation of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. The author presents a broad picture of the problems involving the holy places of Christendom but unfortunately only a rather hasty sketch of the ideological prehistory of the Holy War.

Runciman is not afraid to go rather thoroughly into the massacres the German Jews suffered at the hands of licentious crusaders from Trier to Ratisbon, a disgraceful stain upon the First Crusade. Though the author does not discuss the human problems behind these events, his matter-of-fact report makes it evident that the impatient masses of armed men, uprooted from their homes, incited by fanaticism and lust for adventure, looked for an immediate outlet for their restiveness. They found it in the defenseless minority whose ancestors were regarded as accomplices in the death of Christ. Runciman stresses the efforts of the church authorities to protect the Jews and their failure in face of the unbridled masses.

Throughout the book the author is inclined to let the facts speak for themselves and to avoid psychological interpretations. But the story of the war in the Orient, of the triumph of disillusionment among the crusaders, makes it evident how much the idealistic and materialistic desires of human nature blended together in this great Western adventure.

It is Mr. Runciman's conviction that at the beginning of the crusades Western civilization was inferior to that of the Byzantine empire and the Arab caliphate. He emphasizes that during the time of the crusades the hegemony of civilization passed to Western Europe, and this conviction promises to give his story a dramatic turn in the following volumes. In the second book, upon which he is now at work, Runciman intends to present a history and description of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, including its relation with the other nations of the Near and Middle East, and of the Crusades during the twelfth century. In the third and final volume, he will write the history of the Kingdom of Acre and of the later crusades.

There are some critical points expressed by Runciman with remarkable emphasis. He stresses that the term "knights" in the reports of the crusades should not be taken in any chivalrous sense; it merely means armed horsemen. He invites our criticism of the figures given in the source material. According to his presentation it was only a small number of combatants that decided the power conflicts between the East and the West.

Most histories in European languages have analyzed the age of the crusades from the viewpoint of the West. Though Runciman may overdo stressing the superiority of Eastern culture in the eleventh century, his interpretation is a most interesting and wholesome addition to the previous literature. But to make this point more lucid, he will have to go deeper into the history of ideas than in this first volume where that history is treated with lukewarm interest and without offering any new points of view.

MAX FISCHER.

The Battle Against Disloyalty. Nathaniel Weyl. Crowell. $3.75.

ONE OF THE things this reviewer has never been able to understand about so many Positivist Liberals who scorn the vagaries of abstract principle in favor of "realism" is that they are themselves so little realist when one of their favorite shibboleths is under scrutiny. Even Senators like McCarthy and McCarran, I suspect, would be prepared to admit there can be *too little* academic freedom, *too little* freedom of speech, of the press, of religion. They are to that extent genuinely realist — and whether that extent is sufficient or not, they have by that much an edge on the supposedly realist libertarians. For these latter seem unwilling, at least in all practical cases, to admit there can ever be *too much* of these freedoms.

Nathaniel Weyl is somewhat of a libertarian himself—though he may be astonished at the suggestion. But here are his own words: "It can be urged, of course, that pro-Communist actors in Hollywood are heavy financers of the party, but . . . the proper prosecuting agency is not the industry or the public. . . ."

". . . a Communist teacher on the social science faculty . . . must teach doctrines he knows to be false and, to that extent, the doctrines of academic freedom cannot protect him. But how about the Communist geology professor? Since the Kremlin has no special theory . . . on orthogenesis, he can be a capable, honest, and useful pedagogue. . . ."

". . . there is considerable doubt whether *all* government employees should be investigated. Agencies such as the Fish and Wild Life Ser-

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vice are as remote from national security as the social science [*sic*] departments of universities."

"Academic freedom means the right of the teacher to propound the truth as he sees it and to be judged solely on competence."

"A free society . . . holds . . . that truth is elusive and can best be approximated through trial and error. . . . Freedom of discussion and opinion is regarded both as an end in itself and as the yeast of progress and social advancement."

An "element in this sinister development [of totalitarianism] was the neurotic demand for absolute goals and fixed beliefs. . . . Possibly, the same factors which created the mass religious fanaticism of previous centuries have successfully been harnessed to the new secular totalitarian gods."

Nevertheless, despite these limitations, Weyl has written a quite realistic book on the whole, and an absorbing one. Beginning with the Sons of Liberty, who tormented Tories during the American Revolution, he traces this country's fight against disloyalty and treason through the Copperheads, Stanton's Secret Police, the so-called "Secret Service Division" of World War I's American Protective League, the notorious Palmer Raids, the German-American Bund, the Nazi submarine saboteurs, to today's convulsive struggle with Communist subverters, spies, and saboteurs.

He examines the Government Loyalty Program and holds that, on balance, it "has served to protect government workers against injustice, has given them opportunity to defend themselves against false charges, and has been administered with restraint."

He defends the FBI against Max Lowenthal's spiteful attack and charges its author with falsification. "In the contemporary world," he says, "there is probably no investigating agency operating in the world of disloyalty which is as circumspect in protecting both the liberty and the privacy of the individual. . . ."

He presents new evidence on J. Edgar Hoover's lack of responsibility for the Palmer Raids, on the Marzani case, on the Coplon case, and—at least it is new to me—the Fuchs case. This last item is extremely interesting. "Although Fuchs had admitted he was a Communist before the [British] Alien Tribunal," Weyl says, "the British assigned him to atomic bomb research. When the Canadian spy ring was smashed, a notebook with a list of about 150 names was found on one of the suspects . . . which included a Dr. Fuchs of Edinburgh University." Yet the British thereafter gave Fuchs a passport to the innermost secrets of our most closely guarded centers of atomic research. What he did with this knowledge may yet prove more consequential than the ten decisive battles of the world.

Besides providing a handy and readable summary of some of the more celebrated loyalty cases of our day, set against a background of the history of fighting disloyalty from the foundations of our country to the end of 1950, Weyl's book contains occasional snippets of fascinating information. One example refers to the fight between the infant Polish Republic and the Soviet State just after World War I. ". . . the Polish Army," Weyl says, "seemed on the verge of strangling the Soviet Republic in its cradle, but British longshoremen, under the leadership of Ernest Bevin, refused to load munitions consigned to Warsaw."

Another is a warning that pro-Communists are not the only suckers. It concerns Louis Waldman's successful efforts to clear a certain Osman from a charge of membership in the Communist Party. Turned out the charge was true.

Another useful service is the author's reminder of Justice Black's opinion in the Korematsu case, upholding World War II military orders—described by the late Justice Murphy as "utterly revolting among a free people"—excluding all Americans of Japanese descent from the West Coast defense zone. The civil rights of these putative "Fascists" apparently meant less to Mr. Black than those of the eleven top Communists.

After quoting Jefferson — "The framers of the Constitution certainly supposed they had guarded as well their government against destruction by treason as their citizens against oppression under pretense of it"—the author concludes: "Throughout American history . . . [no] statesmen . . . have believed that a free government need tolerate treason and thus destroy its freedom. The Communist Party . . . exists for the specific purpose of committing treason. The American battle against disloyalty is very simply a struggle for the preservation of freedom on the earth as a whole."

As intimated above, *The Battle Against Disloyalty* is not precisely as this reviewer would have written it. I would, for example, be more inclined to agree with Norbert Muhlen's recent *New Leader* article on the character of McCarthyism. Nevertheless it is a useful book, right-minded on the whole, and as entertaining as a go at cops and robbers.

EDWARD J. HEFFRON.

The Aeneid of Virgil. A verse translation. Rolfe Humphries. Scribners. $3.50.

ONE of the few unqualifiedly satisfactory things about this century is the quality of its translations. Not since the Elizabethans have foreign languages been so superbly Englished: not since Chapman and Pope have poets done so well by poets. Marcel Proust suffers no sea change in his English suit; Thomas Mann is almost improved by H. Lowe Porter's clear prose. And when T. S. Eliot put Alexis Leger's *Anabasis* into English, he added to, rather than removed from, that splendid poem. Stephen Spender's translations of Garcia Lorca, the several admirable renderings of Rilke, Peter Viereck's translations of Stefan George, and those translations which, until its lamented demise, used monthly to occur in *Horizon* (for instance, the translations of Aragon and Eluard, and those by Dr. Bowra of modern Russian and Greek poets) are all examples of inter-communication at its best. And in this age of more and

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more passports, visas, permits and denials of permits, it is splendid that human beings should continue to address each other at such levels as Julian Green's translation of Péguy's *Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc,* and now of Rolfe Humphries' ***Aeneid of Virgil.***

For our ancestors, the Aeneid was a kind of pagan scripture: they would open it at random, seeking a sign, as superstitiously as some still open their Bibles. It is one of the great matrix poems of the world, perhaps the most nourishing of them all, for us who, in law and liberty, if not in blood, descend from Latium.

Mr. Humphries says his translation is a quick and unscrupulous job: it is certainly a magnificently successful one. It is written in a loose iambic pentameter, but its author warns that in some passages where the tempo runs faster "you might not recognize it." He never uses the second person singular pronoun, and "I have preferred solecisms to archaisms." The great thing is that it lives: the reader feels he is hearing the story for the first time, and it is impossible to put down, so impelling is the sense of what E. M. Forster calls the "and then? and then?"

The final six books, that one never meets in school or college, are a particular delight, for one always wondered lazily what ever happened to Aeneas when he got out of the underworld. Sloth or satiety, or the end of the school term or graduation intervened, and one never knew. Now one can painlessly, and in one glorious gulp, read through to the end, to find Aeneas a true hero instead of merely the odious pill who slunk from Dido and said it was the gods put him up to it. More than a crib, this poet's rendering of a poet can and should be read for itself.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Let's Look at the Record. Thomas R. Amlie. Capitol City Press, Madison, Wisconsin. $10.

THE Senator from South Dakota, Karl E. Mundt, writes in *Collier's*: "I certainly do not say that the Democratic Party is Communist at heart or in purpose. But I do say, and the record plainly supports me in this, that it has for some years, under the New Deal and the Fair Deal, moved toward a socialized nation and concentrated power in Washington." When a flabby-minded Senator can get paid for this drivel, some measure is given of the campaign program of the Republican Party. Senator Mundt is pleading for "an alliance with the South," a new conservative party.

One could hardly disagree with the prior judgment of Mr. Amlie that: "the 'insurgents' have been pretty well eliminated from the Republican Party in recent years. That outside of three or four representatives, the Republican Party in Congress has become completely conservative. On the other hand, a sharp line of demarcation has been drawn in the Democrat Party between a minority that usually votes with the Republicans and a majority that has supported the tax policies of Presi-

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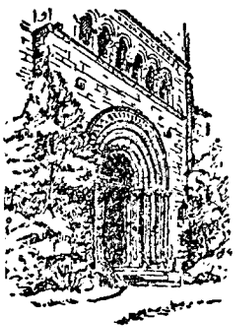

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dents Roosevelt and Truman." The last sentence is almost without truth or meaning by now. One who attended to the actions of Congress in the past weeks has seen party rebellion against the President in a Congress swarming with lobbyists, frenzied with political book-making, and filled with national disregard.

The alliance Senator Mundt is asking for is a working, if not yet a nominal, fact. It has been in the making for some years.

Into this remarkable book Mr. Amlie has assembled the only meaningful history of our modern Congress. For what he gives is the actual voting record of Congress on leading issues for that period of time. The roll calls on such things as Taxation, Public Power, Labor Legislation, Civil Liberties, Foreign Policy are here, all set down. An enormous task of painstaking research has been accomplished by Mr. Amlie. For he has listed for our political edification the votes, on 660 chief roll calls, of 531 of our Congressmen. And he has furnished us with a key for determining which of these men—by that test—are liberal or conservative.

All this is interspersed by running, sharp and cogent essays in political interpretation. Some of it I find a little hard to take. For instance, about the record of some Congressmen on Civil Liberties, he writes: "The thing they all have in common, is something that can best be told by their voting records, namely, their complete servility in the face of demands of economic monopoly." With that I agree. When, though, he adds, "That a great many of these servile Congressmen should seek to destroy any person of idealism and integrity in the public service, is perhaps a psychological necessity," I dissent. A political necessity, as in the case of Senator Mundt, I can accept. Psychological compulsions in political analysis bother me.

But a judgment has lost none of its importance because I find it difficult to accept. The fact is that Mr. Amlie's book ought to have the widest circulation: it is a rich, factual contribution to those who want political education. I have only one fear: those who are in want of political education are the least likely to benefit by it. For the chances are that they will leave it alone.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Meaning of Beauty. Eric Newton. Whittlesey House. $3.50.

ART critics have often been charged with disseminating more obscurity than light. And sometimes they do employ a terminology better suited to white-garbed men in a laboratory. They also congregate in cliques, exchanging their thoughts in ciphers and conning their screeds like so many specialists in iconography. Once, indeed, when the Museum of Modern Art organized a "sitting" of lofty importance, the assembled authorities filed and split the matter at hand so fine that only a microscope could detect the particles when they had finished. Apparatus had simply smothered intelligence.

Mr. Eric Newton, who has long served as professional critic on both the *Manchester Guardian* and London *Times,* never could darken his lamp with such mystifications. His have been more humble assignments. He visits a show, adds up a report, discharges an opinion. Clarity beams out from his reckonings and the writing might be compared to a pane of glass inserted between the reader and the object. Doctrinal points, if any, emerge only as if by accident and the reader never has the impression that he has stumbled among Doctors preferring the cave to the sunlight.

Once more, in *The Meaning of Beauty,* Mr. Newton has undertaken this same role of unobtrusive expositor, even though, unlike his more lofty brethren, he would attract new converts by using a more apt means of persuasion. Realizing that modern art often befuddles the layman, he has devised a foolproof chart against perplexity. First he presents some

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preliminary remarks and then proceeds to the essence, which he has called the Four Layers in a work of art. Layer one, he says, is devoted to recognizability. The beholder likes a painting of a spaniel, for instance, because it reminds him of his puppy Fido—or again, Victorian sentimentalists could blubber plentifully while looking at a chromo depicting a doctor at a child's beside. Recognizability had been served even if art was missing.

The second layer involves the artist's comment upon experience, as when Goya lashed out against the abominations of the Napoleonic invaders. But Goya's hatred—or his commentary—could not have prevailed if he had been merely another fulminator. Too frequently our own guardians of Social Consciousness have demonstrated this to the contrary. The great satirist could clinch his thought because an implacable play of black-and-white, and an immortal thrust of the line, had proved fatal to the oppressor. An ultimate force had been called into being by the immediate occasion, the factor of vision (the third layer) having been invoked by the artist. As to layer four, this implicates the residual life-of-the-stuff, that linear terseness or pigmental joust or independent tourney of black-and-white (in the case of Goya) that could outlast the life of the creator.

Always balanced, Newton does not insist that all four of these layers are indispensable. As a proof he takes a recognized classic like Veronese's "Mystical Marriage of Saint Catherine" and demonstrates how it has recognizability, comment, vision, and stuff-autonomy and thus, like any classic, conjoins all four levels of the analysis. Turning then to modern art, the English writer further shows that, even though the first and second layers sometimes may be absent, still the work can score if vision (or rhythm) and vital play in the material remain dominant. Resorting to further examples, he repeatedly indicates how pertinent is his analysis—which permits any thoughtful reader to cross over and make a new connection with the painter.

Where, then, does such a book stand? Despite its occasionally pallid metaphors (save when images of fruits abound in the passages on Veronese) it provides a new aid for the layman in his effort to understand the artist. As such, it situates Eric Newton well up among those English critics who, like Ruskin, would conduct the public to some realm of greater comprehension.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

• REVIEWERS •

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